

OUR DUMB Animals



"THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER..."

—Photo, Georgia Engelhard



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Per year—\$2.00. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.50 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.20. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.



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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 94 — No. 10

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Animals

OCTOBER, 1961

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



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American Fondouk

WE are writing this month about an animal shelter and hospital in far away Fez, Morocco—an adventure in animal protection very dear to our heart.

Some of our readers, we know, are acquainted with the American Fondouk. For those who do not know of this unique enterprise we shall simply say that it is an animal hospital which offers free treatment and shelter to all the homeless and mistreated animals of that country. Its sole support comes from kind-hearted Americans who recognize the need for kindness everywhere and realize that animals know no nationality.

Morocco, ever since gaining its independence from France, has been in the throes of inflationary prices. Literally every commodity has steadily risen in cost—medicines, food for the animals, straw for bedding, hospital and shelter equipment, gasoline, ambulance upkeep, taxes and wages. Unhappily, we have had each year to ask for more and more help from our friends.

This year, especially, we are faced with difficulties. Working hours have been shortened by law so that it has been necessary to add an additional man to our staff and, worst of all, our Directeur, Mr. Delon, who has been with us for over thirty years, has asked for retirement.

Fortunately, we have found a replacement—Walter Kilroy, who has had a number of years of experience with the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. in animal protection and who is thoroughly competent to manage the Fondouk. He is moving to Morocco within a very short time and Mr. Delon has promised to work with him and teach him as long as necessary.

Unfortunately, this means a double salary for two top men for a year or more and we know it is going to stretch our budget over the available funds.

We sincerely commend this project to you. It is America, putting its best foot forward in a foreign land. And we are confident that many of you will wish to have a part in this noble enterprise by sending contributions. Won't you please send whatever you can to the American Fondouk, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

E. H. H.

AT a certain time in the year a strange impulse takes possession of some people. It is shown in a desire to shed blood; to slay the helpless; to scatter fear, pain and death where once was life, peace and happiness. It then becomes the "proper thing" to leave one's home, invade the homes of our peaceful brothers of the forest, and kill them for what we are pleased to call our "sport." It is then that the beautiful wilds, which speak of mystery and poetry and God, are turned into shambles by those who claim to be made in the "image of God"; when the graceful and timid deer, whose very innocence should shield it from harm, chased and ambushed by human beings, rushes wildly through the woods, trailing its blood behind it on the foliage of its forest home.

Why is it that so-called civilized men (and some women!) enter upon this carnival of blood with such enthusiasm? Is it on account of the outdoor life it offers? But that can be gained in a hundred ways without the shedding of innocent blood. The camera, mountain climbing and the joys of harmless camp life should be sufficient for human beings with a spark of chivalry in their natures without the need of hounding to death innocent creatures living their own lives in their own homes. Why should we continue to hug to our bosoms the old barbarous associations of the out-door life (legacies from our savage ancestry) when we can enjoy its pleasures without them?

Let it be remembered this is not a matter of sudden death alone; for many wounded animals crawl away to die slowly in some fastness. In "Tracks of a Rolling Stone," by Hon. H. J. Coke, are illustrated the possibilities liable to occur in the chase of any wild animal that escapes, wounded:—

"I got a long snap-shot on the stag and hit the beast in the haunches. It was late in the day and the wounded animal got away. Nine days later I spied the big stag again. . . .

"Not once did he rise or attempt to feed, but lay there restlessly beating his head against the ground. I knew well enough what that meant. His plaint could not reach my ear, but it reached my heart . . . I put up the 200-yard sight and killed him.

"I will not attempt to describe the body in detail. It would not be desirable. I



No longer to hear the call of her mate or feel the warmth of her doe.

Hunting: A "Sport"?

will merely say that it wasted away and almost fleshless except for his wounded haunch which was greatly swollen. This I had done, and for my pleasure!

"After that year I went hunting no more."

Among the seekers for such "pleasure" it may be that there are some whose souls still answer to the promptness of generous sentiment. To such I would say: Stop a moment and think—think twice at least before, for the empty purpose of displaying your physical dexterity, you deliberately add to the heavy load of the world's misery. These creatures you are about to molest have nerves like ours; have hopes and aims and fears; have affection and family ties; *and they have never wronged you!* In that remarkable book of Du Maurier, "Peter Ibbetson," is found this passage:—

"As I picked it [the wounded rabbit] off the ground and felt its poor little warm, narrow chest, and the last beats of

its heart under its weak ribs, and saw the blood on its fur, I was smitten with pity, shame and remorse; and I settled with myself that I would find some other road to English gentlemanhood than the slaying of innocent wild things, whose happy life seems so well worth living."

To those who, when the "open season" is on, are wont to find their "sport" in duck-hunting along our shores. I would recommend the following from a popular periodical:—

"In the morning I went again to the beach and found the poor creature, half-dead, dragging itself up the sand, covered with blood, its broken wing hanging from its body. In mercy I killed it. Never shall I forget the look of those deep, shining black eyes that seemed to ask only for death and relief from suffering. It seemed like murder. *From that moment I quit gunning for ever!*" . . . J. M. Greene.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Rain Makers

By RUBY ZAGOREN

IN Sumatra, when the fields are dry from drought and the crops are withering in the sun, a black cat is used as an instrument in persuading rain to rain. Village women scantily dressed bathe in the river. Into their midst is deposited a black cat. The cat is allowed to swim for a while and then escapes to the bank followed by the pursuing women.

This ceremony is believed to be a potent means of bringing rain. Only a black cat, however, can be used in such a ceremony. The black cat symbolizes the dark rain clouds, and shortly after this ceremony is over, the natives will be standing with their heads craned upwards, looking for the black rain clouds. When fine weather is wanted, white cats that have no spots at all, are used instead of the black ones.

In other lands, too, cats are bathed as a means of inducing rain to fall for crops. For instance, in Java, usually two cats, a male and female, are bathed at the same time. Sometimes the animals are carried in a procession with music.

Other animals besides cats are used by primitive peoples in the world today, for "making" rain. In Tenerife, the Guanches make rain by separating the mother sheep from their lambs. The little lambs start bleating so plaintively that the Guanches are sure that the rain god will be touched to the heart and send rain, so that the lambs may be reunited with their mothers and stop their bleating.

The Chinese people construct a huge dragon of paper or wood. This dragon is supposed to represent the rain god. If no rain comes after a procession and celebration about the mock dragon, the dragon is torn to bits or beaten. However, should rain fall, the dragon is feted, and as the rain god, is promoted to a higher rank by imperial decree.

Because frogs and toads are often found in water, they have gained for themselves a reputation as custodians of rain. Some Aymara Indians make little images of frogs, and place these images high on top of hills, so that the rain will have mercy and fall for the benefit of the frog — and the Indians, incidentally.



Hallowe'en Cat

By NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

OUR celebration of Hallowe'en has come down to us from a festival of the Druids, or tree worshippers, who lived in ancient Britain and Gaul (now France).

It seems that the Druids had a god called Shaman, who was Lord of Death. On this, his festival night, the souls of all bad people who had died during the previous year were to be transferred into different animals.

According to ancient beliefs, this plan made all the evil spirits very angry, and they came out from their hidden places in the woods everywhere to make trouble. But the Druids had a sacred cat, and even the worst of the evil spirits were afraid of him. So, the Lord of Death, with the cat's help, accomplished his purpose.

The spirits would come only so far and

no farther, which made it possible for the priests to make sacrifices on big altars which were built in the forests. These sacrifices were supposed to appease the witches and other evil spirits.

A few centuries later, the people of these lands became Christians and then this Druid festival of October thirty-first became the All Hallow's Eve of the Christians. But, by this time, the sacred cat had fallen from his high place. Later, only black cats were considered to be on friendly terms with the spirits, witches and ghosts.

This ancient and ignorant belief about black cats still follows them and on Hallowe'en we are reminded of this superstition by the use of black cats as decorations.

Sam Meets the Gang

By INA LOUEZ MORRIS

DIRECTLY after breakfast, Jack took it upon himself to introduce my Christmas present, Sam, the poodle, to the farm and at the same time accustom the pup to collar and leash. But Sam had a mind of his own and if given a choice of seeing his new home at the end of a leather thong or remaining wrong side up in a puddle of muddy water, then it was the puddle for him.

"I ought to let you stay there," I heard Jack say.

It was while Jack was bent over attempting to unsnap the leash that Sam spotted George, the big black cat who, uninjured, took up residence in our barn last summer.

Now George is a sociable sort of cat and something of a glad hander. He'll purr until his whiskers tremble and rub against anything in an effort to make friends. Usually he succeeds.

But Sam didn't know this and probably assuming this black, furry thing was just another toy provided for his entertainment, he hastened to make short work of it as he'd done with the plastic doll. What he wanted of course, was for the "thing" to run so he could chase it, but George wasn't the running kind. Neither was Joe, George's identical twin and what the two cats did to Sam in the next couple of minutes shouldn't have happened to a dog. When they got through with him he looked more like a particularly filthy shag rug than a member of dogdom's aristocracy.

Scared half out of his wits and seeking sympathy and protection, Sam went yipping to Jack who was cleaning the horse corral.

"Watch out for the pup," I yelled, knowing that the horses would just as soon kick him into the next pasture as look at him.

The warning was hardly out of my mouth when a series of high-pitched yelps sent my heart into my mouth. And then, like a streak of black lightning, Sam was making for the house as though powered by a rocket.

"What happened?" I called to Jack shakily.

"Oh," Jack laughed, "Sam and Brokah were sniffing noses and the horse sneezed."

"You mean the pup wasn't kicked or bitten?"

"No, just sneezed on, but I'll bet he stays out of the corral from now on."

I invited Sam inside and gave him a cookie to ease his injured spirits, but almost at once he wanted out.

I glanced out to see Fella opening a bag of choice garbage on our front lawn. (Fella is the neighbor's pointer who is as much at home here as in his own bailiwick — more so, in fact, since he brings all his best bones, both fresh and disinterred here for leisurely enjoyment.)

"No," I said to Sam. "You stay inside. I haven't time today to keep an eye on you."

But Sam insisted and not knowing whether he was motivated by caprice or necessity, I opened the door.

Fella, who is a goodnatured dog was glad to meet Sam and made him welcome up to a point. As long as Sam kept his goatee out of Fella's smorgasbord, the older dog was willing to accord the younger a certain amount of grandfatherly tolerance.

Evidently, he didn't make this point quite clear, for although he growled and showed his few remaining teeth, Sam went right ahead stirring through Fella's goodies.

And then came the lesson in deportment that every dog must learn sooner or later. Fastening himself to Sam's ear, Fella hung on until the pup spit out whatever it was he was chewing.

Long before that particular Christmas dinner was ready to set on the table, I was all for chucking the whole thing and going out to eat. It was just one interruption after another. When Sam was out, he wanted in. When he was in, he wanted out and on each trip from vineyard, barnlot or garage, he brought something.

There was a piece of half-charred wood that didn't do a thing for the living room rug — a mouldy bacon rind, the skin of a long-dead rabbit — a clothes pin — a ball of twine. There were other, smaller things which he concealed in his mouth that we didn't find until later.

What he brought inside were only the choice items of his collection. The articles of lesser value he left on the back porch.

When we had had our fill of turkey, dressing and pumpkin pie, we went into the living room to nap or watch the Christmas programs.

"I'd get more comfortable if I knew where to find my slippers," Jack said.

"They are in the bedroom closet," I told him. "At least that's where I put them when I took them away from Sam."

Presently Jack rejoined me holding his slippers at arms length. "Look inside, will you," he said with a grimace. "Wow!"

I looked and held my nose. Besides a mummified frog that had been run over countless times on the roadway, there were a pair of gopher claws and a skull. The other slipper contained a bit of horse hoof, the cookie I'd given him earlier and my thimble.

"Quite a gruesome collection," Jack said.

"Treasures," I corrected, "and if Sam could talk, I'll bet he'd say they are far more desirable than chocolate flavored bones or dolls that squeak."



Sam meets George, the "glad-hander."

Mortals to Avoid *Apartment Dweller*

By KARIN AND CARSTEN AHRENS

*My home is as lovely as home can be found,
But it's twenty-two stories up from the ground.*

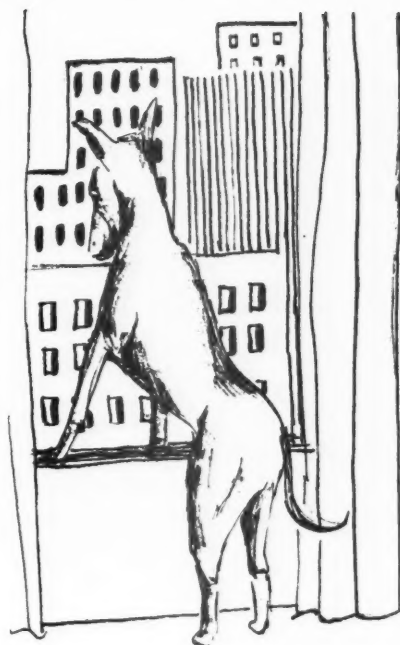
*I don't roll in grass or frolic in snow;
I can only stare at the world far below.*

*And do I chase rabbits? . . . When Master says "Sic",
I retrieve for his pleasure an ebony stick!*

*Master's life has no room for bike, car, or boat;
There's never a bur in my carefully-brushed coat.*

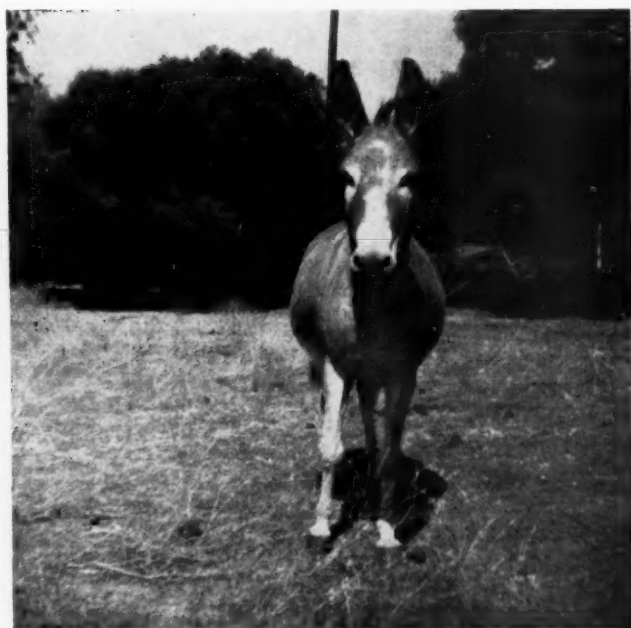
*My diet is perfect; I've nothing to seek;
A veterinarian checks me each week.*

*Our Ivory Tower knows no battles, no scars,
But I'm weary of living so close to the stars!*



Lulu Belle

By CAROLYN M. CRANE



Lulu Belle worked as a packmule in the High Sierras.

THIS smart little animal, a four-year-old burro, has one of the cutest faces imaginable.

At one time she was used as a packmule up in the High Sierras. Right now her home is on a big ranch up at Alpine, California. Here she romps and plays from morning 'til night in her master's pastures. Judy, an old horse, keeps her from getting lonely. The two can be seen close together almost any time of day. Sometimes Lulu Belle teases Judy by trying to "horn in" on her food. As a rule the old horse is patient with the little burro, but once in awhile when Lulu Belle feels especially frisky, she rears up and kicks Judy with her two hind legs. Then the horse punishes her by biting or kicking back.

Lulu Belle is very fortunate in that she has a kind, patient master. He sees that she is well fed and watered. Most of the time he gives her hay, but she also likes carrots and sugar lumps.

At times she teases her master. Once when he was occupied with something she reached into his pocket and walked off with his gloves. Another time she sneaked a red handkerchief from his pocket when he was asleep. He never gets angry with her because he understands the ways of a burro.



John C. Macfarlane, V.P. in charge of Agricultural Education, with two 4-H youths.

County Fairs

By JOHN C. MACFARLANE

GEORGE WASHINGTON and Benjamin Franklin were among the founders of the first farm organizations in our country. Back in 1839, Congress passed a measure calling for an annual appropriation of \$500. for "gathering agricultural statistics," and Abraham Lincoln was instrumental in creating our United States Department of Agriculture in the year 1862.

Long before the Federal Department of Agriculture was created, agricultural fairs were being held in all parts of New England. These annual "fairs" were welcome opportunities for farmers to meet together and show each other the fruits of their labors. As growing populations gradually but steadily take over the farm lands, livestock, and other products of the farm, urban dwellers and the great

masses in our metropolitan areas are less apt to see them.

When the county fair opens, everybody has a real opportunity to walk close to all kinds of farm animals—they can see a cow being milked, a sow and her litter of baby pigs, horses, oxen, poultry, sheep, and goats.

Children and adults alike will spend fascinating hours walking through barns at New England fairs and then through the rest of the year perhaps never have a single opportunity to live so close to nature. Many of our younger generation are prone to believe that the milk they see on the doorstep actually comes from a bottle. For eleven years I have visited fairs each year with educational exhibits on the "right" way to handle livestock.

These exhibits are called "Livestock Conservation" and millions of New Englanders have seen them.

This year at the big Brockton Fair and at the smaller fairs, I will be conducting arena exhibits and informational talks on 4-H animals, F.F.A. projects, and many other allied interests. It is my hope that through these outdoor demonstrations city and urban folks will come to know and more fully appreciate the value of our livestock. It does us all good to realize that without our agriculture our whole economy would collapse.

Our Society is, and always has been, dedicated to the proposition that livestock is one of God's most valuable gifts to man, and it is our duty to give them the loving care they need.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

INSTANT KINDNESS!

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy. Take advantage of the 2 year offer at only \$3.50 for 24 issues.

Faith

By ELEONORA CURTIS

October butterflies

Are you the ghosts of leaves

*And flowers dead of September's
Frosty hours? No—*

We're the souls of Spring flowers

*To be born of March sun
And April showers.*

Immortal "Prunes"

THE picture below appeared in the May issue of ANIMALS on page 12, illustrating the story entitled "Burros Must Eat," by C. Arthur Hochmuth.

One of the world's leading American sculptresses, Margaret Brassler Kane, designed, created and donated her work—the actual plaque bearing "Prunes's" image—before her international reputation was made. Mrs. Kane's work today has been exhibited in every major museum, and she is internationally known in art circles for her magnificent creations. We take this opportunity to bring her name before the animal loving readers as an humane artist in the true sense of the word.



October, 1961

Gentleman Sam

By PAULINE L. JENSEN

TEAS and receptions are pretty much the same everywhere, but I attended one while at the Indiana Writers' Conference two summers ago that differed from all others. It was the first one that I had ever been to, where a cat was on the receiving line! The tea was given by Mr. Robert Mitchner, Director of the Conference, and his wife, and the guests were the students and the faculty of the Conference.

The receiving line extended from the door to the curved stairway at the opposite side of the room. Perched on the second step of the stairway, looking as wise and solemn as an owl, was Sam, the family cat. Sam was not there by accident, but by design. As part of the Mitchner family, Sam felt justified in being there, and accepting as his due, the pat on the head or the cheery greeting directed at him.

Sam has no illusions of grandeur concerning himself. The men of letters that frequent the Mitchner household impress him not at all. He judges them by one criterion only—their kindness toward him. If they address a few words to him, or pet him, he knows in his wise way that these are HIS kind of people, and that is sufficient for him. In Sam's world there is but one thing that counts, and that is what is in the heart.

Sam was decked out in a bright red collar with a tinkling bell attached to it. Shame on me, that I assumed that the bell was there because Sam was a hunter! No, indeed! Sam wears the collar as a matter of convenience to all. When he wishes to go outdoors he simply places himself in front of the door and shakes his head. The bell brings someone quickly to his aid. In that way Sam does not have to call stridently for help, and Sam is a gentleman. A gentleman born and bred in the best tradition, for he can trace his ancestry back to the time of Noah.



"Charmed, I'm sure."

Sam uses the same strategy on his return route, with the same results. Somehow there always is a Mitchner, small or large, nearby to answer his commands.

There is a bit of the showman in Sam, too. He doesn't like to be ignored. He seems to understand that there are people who are not too fond of cats. Sam attempts to instill in those people the knowledge that he is intelligent. He goes through his tricks casually, and seemingly with no intent to impress anyone.

Failing to secure his victim's attention with this method, Sam resorts to another one. He flaunts his beauty, and since he is a gorgeous yellow and black striped cat, he has a lot of eye-catching appeal. He stretches out full length against the blue rug, a perfect foil for his beautiful coloring.

Teas are a part of Sam's family's social obligations, and Sam must fulfill his responsibilities. Besides that he has a reputation to maintain—*Sam is a gentleman!*



The Chameleon captures a gnat on the end of his tongue.

Strange

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of An



The Aard-vark or Earth Pig.

THE tongues of frogs, toads, anteaters, chameleons, moths and many other creatures, are very different in size and shape. A little study will show you that each tongue has been designed by Nature to assist its owner in procuring the particular food he craves.

Very possibly you have watched a frog or a toad sitting quietly behind the leaves of some nearby plant. The frog does not move a muscle.

He is on the lookout for passing insects or grubs. If a gnat flies nearby, the frog makes a slight quick movement and the gnat disappears. But the frog has worked too fast for you to see what really happened.

The tongues of frogs and toads are fastened at the front of their mouths instead of at the back. As they are covered with a very sticky substance, they are perfect fly-catchers.

When a fly comes within a certain distance of a hungry frog, out shoots his tongue and traps the fly on the tip.

A chameleon is noted for his ability to change the color of his skin to harmonize with his environment. But this odd little lizard also possesses a remarkable sticky tongue. By its aid the chameleon is able to capture his breakfast without moving his body. The picture shows you how he does it.

Anteaters also capture their live food by means of their long, sticky tongues. Different anteaters are found in many countries. They are of great assistance to men, for if the ants and termites were not destroyed in some manner, they would overrun the land.

All true anteaters are toothless and possess long, sticky tongues. Nature has also provided them with strong claws on their front feet. These are digging claws. They are used to break open ant-hills and nests. As soon as the runways are exposed, in goes the anteater's long tongue. A moment later he withdraws it covered with ants. He eats them eagerly and thrusts his tongue back into the nest for more.

The Echidna is probably the strangest anteater in the whole world. This wonder is found in Australia. It looks it resembles an English hedgehog, but it is larger and has quills of a lighter color. The Echidna also possesses a long tapering snout.

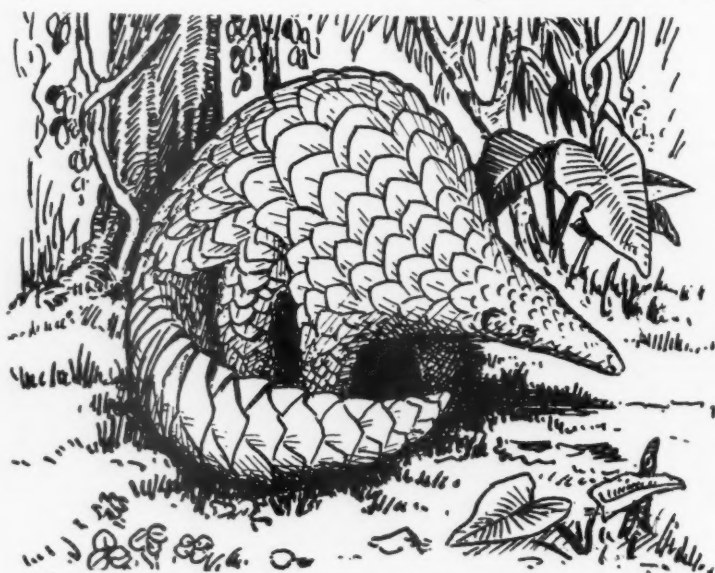
As the quills do not grow on the creature's underside, when danger threatens, it rolls up into a prickly ball.

Every so often, Mrs. Echidna lays an egg with a leathery shell. This egg is carried about in her pouch, and when the baby echidna hatches out, it also remains in the warm pouch until it grows quills. Then it is able to take care of itself.

In the picture, the echidna has torn open an ant-nest and is putting its long snout into the hole. The tongue penetrates still farther into the nest and captures ants by the "tongue-full."

Here are pictures of three other anteaters. One shows the odd-looking Great Anteater, sometimes called the Ant-Bear.

At first glance the animal's small head

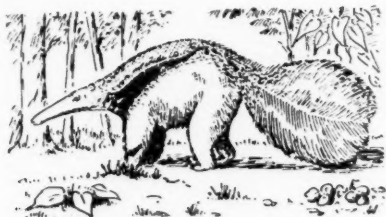


When danger has passed the Pangolin slowly uncoils and proceeds to hunt for an ant-hill or nest.

e Tongues

by *Kuenstler*

story of American Childhood and the author



The Great Anteater or Ant Bear.

and long snout do not seem to belong to its large hairy body. It is a native of Tropical America.

The Aard-vark (ard-vark) or earth pig of West Africa, works by night, and prefers termites to ants for a steady diet. His bare skin is a pinkish color, with odd tufts of hair here and there.

The scaly Pangolin (pang-go-lin) resembles the armadillo, and is found in the jungles of India. A similar kind lives in Africa, and a tree-climbing variety inhabits China. The pangolin is another toothless animal that licks up ants with his long sticky tongue.

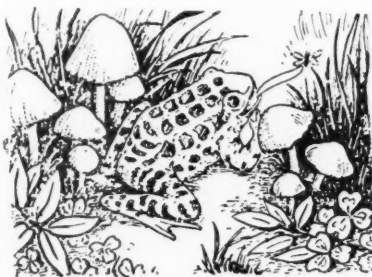
Also, the Tamandua (ta-man-dua) or lesser anteater lives in Central and Tropical America. Besides searching for ants on the ground, the tamandua is a tree-climbing ant-exterminator. His long hairless tail is often twined around a branch of a tree to assist him when he climbs. In size he equals a large cat.

The bird known as the Flicker also catches ants on his sticky tongue. If enough ants are available he will make a whole meal of them.

The Woodpecker you see tapping the tree-trunks with his hard pointed bill possesses a tongue with a sharp point on the end, and tiny hooks on the side. The bird digs a hole in the wood for a certain depth, then in goes his tongue. It pierces the grub, and the barbs hold it firmly. When the woodpecker withdraws his tongue, out comes the grub, also.

You will recall that the tiny hummingbird has a very long bill for its size. Inside the beak is an equally long hollow

tongue. When the hummingbird hovers over a cluster of long-necked flowers and thrusts its bill into one of them, it sucks



Mr. Frog captures a fly.

up the sweet nectar from the flower-cup with this odd tongue. Without this unusual tool, the pretty little bird would not be able to feed from four-o'clocks and similar long-necked flowers.

Moths and butterflies that feed on nectar may live for weeks. They possess long hollow tongues with which they suck up the nectar. When this long tongue or proboscis is not being used, it is coiled up under the owner's head, like a tiny hair-spring of a watch. See the head of the butterfly.

The honeybee also needs a long tongue to reach down to the bottom of long-necked flowers, such as the four-o'clock, to get the nectar. If you get a chance to examine a bee's tongue you will find that it is much too long to be withdrawn into the bee's mouth. A large portion of the tongue is usually folded up in a hollow under the bee's head.

The giraffe's tongue is at least 18 inches

long. He also has a long upper lip. He twists this tongue and lip around the fresh green leaves of some tree and tears them off and chews them up.

It would take too long to relate all the live creatures with strange, useful tongues. However, if you wish to follow up this study, you need not go into the jungle for new examples. Take the house-cat. Her tongue is a perfect washcloth. Suppose you allow your dog to lick your fingers. Then rub a little butter over your fingers and encourage Kitty to lick it off. The lick of the cat's tongue will feel different from the lick of the dog. Can you explain the difference?



Head of butterfly showing the tongue as it is being coiled up.

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Nest of Steel

By PAULINE V. McCONNELL

A BIRD'S nest is often an indication of its surroundings. A sparrow living in the city will invariably make its nest of strings, bits of cotton, wisps of straw, toothpicks and such.

One of the strangest nests ever built by a bird was found many years ago high up in the Swiss Alps. The town of Soleure was noted for its many watch and clock factories. One sunny day, a worker from one of the establishments was out for a stroll in the woods. As he listened to the birds songs, he covered his eyes to protect them from a reflection in a nearby tree. It was as if a mirror had been placed between the branches. Upon examination, he found, much to his amazement, a nest completely woven of steel.

Woven in a most ingenious manner, each strand was fitted well into another. It was as if the work had been done by some modern-day machine. The nest measured four inches across.

It was the custom of the clock-making shops to leave their windows open much of the time. The birds apparently flew in, gathered up the spiral shavings of steel, and from the scraps built their nest. Considering the size of the birds, no larger than our robins, it was nothing short of miraculous that they possessed enough strength to tug the steel, let alone weave it so accurately.

Some say that this steel nest is still on display in the Museum of Natural History at Soleure.

Cricket in the Rumpus Room

By HELEN T. CONDE

LOVELY summer was over. It was too cool to sit out evenings, so the family gathered in the basement rumpus room. When the children finished their homework and the evening papers were read, we turned on the T.V. Then we'd listen expectantly for a certain musical sound—the gay chirrup of the cricket, who lived in our rumpus room. We'd smile patiently as Gram said again, "Cricket in the house is a sign of good luck and a happy home."

We did have good luck, for we were well—had enough of this world's goods and not too much—and we were contented.

I named my companion Chirrup. That could be for a boy or girl cricket, but it was a boy for only the males sing.

I wanted to see the little fellow, so I followed stealthily the sound of his music. It would lead to the boiler room, and I always expected to find him back of a hot water pipe, but I never did. I had friends like that—friends I heard from but never saw, but that didn't make us any the less friends.

I wondered what Chirrup ate and if he didn't sing as soon as the T.V. was turned on, I felt concerned. But I needn't have worried. One night my grandson hung his snow-caked dungarees near the fireplace. In the morning there was a hole near the hem. The dungarees were new, so the hole was new, too. Chirrup ate clothes—he made a neat hole in my white sweater—he nibbled my nylons, so I laid out cloth for him to eat. There was often evidence that he had enjoyed a meal.

I enjoyed his friendly companionship through the winter months. Then the snow melted from the rumpus room windows—the daffodils put through their green spears and I was busy outdoors. Summer came on with its picnics—swimming at our lakeside cottage—stocking our freezer. Evenings, when the friendly dark closed in, we sat in the backyard and talked over the events of the day and cooled off. Chirrup and T.V. slipped



Cricket in the house: good luck.

from my mind. Then one rainy night in late August, I went to the rumpus room and turned on T.V. But no friendly cricket greeted me. I felt a little guilty that I had forgotten him and wondered if my shiny black Chirrup was hopping about in the grass.

It got to be autumn fast after that—bracing blue and gold days—cold nights—nights for grouping around the fireplace. And then one evening in October my heart leaped. Chirrup was singing to us again. At least, I liked to think that it was Chirrup, although I don't know what happens to crickets over the winter.

There was no one to say, "A cricket in the house is a sign of good luck and happy home," for Gram was singing happily with the angels.

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The American Humane Education Society presents the fourth lesson plan for use in class room and field trip studies of animals, wild life conservation and ecology.

Frost on the Pumpkin

By DAVID A. RYAN

LET us stop for a moment and contemplate. What came before the harvest?—hard work—plowing, planting, fertilizing, and cultivating. However, this is not the whole story. Every farmer is a guardian of his most precious possession—his land. He must keep it healthy and productive.

A field trip to a farm where good conservation practices are carried on is effective at harvest time. There is a certain exhilaration and feeling of well-being when the long summer's efforts result in a bountiful harvest.

The steps the farmer takes to protect his soil over the winter are as important as his treatment of it during the growing season.

Some soil conservation practices can be demonstrated on the school grounds or in the classroom. On a windy day the class can see the dust blowing off a gravel driveway or bare patch of ground. Does the soil blow off the school lawn? How do farmers prevent wind and water erosion on their land after the harvest? What is green manure?

If a fan is permitted to blow over a box of dry soil a cloud of dust will swirl away. When the fan pushes air over a box containing a section of sod no soil is blown away. Tilt the boxes at about 15 degree angles. Sprinkle water on them from a watering can. Can you see the gullies appear in the bare soil? Collect the runoff in two separate jars. Which jar contains the muddiest water? Is there an area on the school grounds that is being eroded away by the elements? Would it be possible for the class to remedy the situation?

Inspect a fresh road cut or side of a

gravel pit. Notice how thin the dark rich layer of soil is. This thin layer supports all the vegetation. How does the topsoil increase in depth or maintain its depth against the elements? In the woods an endless rain of leaves and twigs falling to earth help build up the soil. In fields dead grass and plants build up the humus over the years.

On acreage where crops are grown and then harvested the dead vegetation cannot return to the soil. How is humus returned to the earth? The farmer cannot continually take from the soil and never replace the organic matter. Chemical fertilizers are not humus producers.

If you are not familiar with a local farmer who employs good conservation procedures ask either your state extension service or Soil Conservation District if they will recommend one who is nearby. Perhaps one of their agents will accompany a class on a field trip to farms. You will have to make the necessary arrangements.

SOURCE MATERIAL

Film:

THE RIVER, inquire: United World Films, Inc., 1445 Park Avenue, New York 29, N.Y.

Helpful books:

CONSERVATION HANDBOOK, National Association of Biology Teachers, published by The Interstate Printers and Publishers, Inc., Danville, Illinois.

TEACHING SCIENCE THROUGH CONSERVATION, Munzer and Brandwein, published by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York.

LIVING EARTH, Peter Farb, published by Harper and Bros., N.Y.



"Trick or Treat!"

43rd Annual School Poster Contest

THE forty-third annual School Poster Contest, sponsored by The American Humane Education Society, is now on. There was an increase of five thousand entries last year. School children submitting prize-winning posters received a six-month subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS or attractive pins.

It is most gratifying to see the results of thoughtful effort that many children expand on their entries. It is evident that the outstanding posters are expressions of meaningful consideration. Perhaps the youngster has for the first time in his life thought seriously about the welfare of other living things. Those thoughts are then manifested in tangible form as a poster.

During Be Kind To Animals Week, May 7-13, 1961 posters of display caliber were displayed at Jordan Marsh Company's and Filene's downtown Boston stores. These stores have been most cooperative by displaying our posters over the years.

Write:

THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY
180 Longwood Ave.
Boston 15, Mass.



Prevent Farm Fires

FIRE Prevention Week is the oldest of the "National Weeks" in the United States. It is designated to mark the anniversary of the Great Chicago Fire, October 9, 1871.

The primary purpose of the Week is to call to the public's attention the great need for fire prevention in the home, in the office building, in the factory, in the school and *on the farm*.

To the nation as a whole, fires are a matter of concern. Approximately \$160 million worth of property is destroyed annually by farm fires, much of it food and produce—so vital to the national economy. The swift advance of science and technology have brought many new fire hazards to the farm. The modern farm is no longer an island of security, remote from any danger. Today it has all the hazards of a machine or paint shop, and a gasoline service station combined. Wood frame poultry houses, livestock barns, tobacco barns and other buildings frequently holding tons of highly combustible grain, feeds, hay and straw, add greatly to these hazards. All of these hazards exist on many farms—some still without adequate water facilities and located several miles distant from the nearest fire department.

Prevent unnecessary fires! Write today for "Fire in the Barn":

Livestock Conservation Department
Massachusetts S.P.C.A.
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Saved by a Dolphin

By MARY ALICE YOUNG

EDWARD COLSON was a wealthy English merchant who did much of his trading with the West Indies a few centuries ago. His crest was an unusual one according to the standards of the time. He had chosen the lowly dolphin because it had saved his life and the lives of many of his friends.

Legend has it that Colson, returning home from the West Indies on a ship loaded with valuable merchandise would have gone to the bottom of the ocean in a terrific storm had it not been for this fish.

A goodly distance from shore, the ship sprung a leak. The crew tried to keep her afloat pumping out the water, but the more they pumped, the more water seemed to come in, although they took turns working at the pump day and night.

All aboard expected to be drowned, when suddenly, to their great joy the water subsided and the ship was pumped dry. Examining the bottom of the vessel, it was found that a dolphin had squeezed itself into the hole and thus saved the ship, its valuable cargo and occupants.

Shortly afterward, Colson founded a School for Boys, and for many many years, every student wore a large circular badgeon which was the picture of a fish.

A statue was later erected to the great philanthropist, at Bristol. At the base of the monument are four dolphins.



Robins at School

By BERTHA B. NORTON

TWO robins must have had a desire for education and after some pondering they thought the easiest way to keep up with the schedule was to build a nest on top of the school bell, much to the delight of the children.

This was outside the art room at Robinson School, Birmingham, Alabama.

The children of different classes watched enthusiastically the home building procedure. They were constantly concerned as to whether the birds would remain long enough to raise a family. For the bell, big as a frying pan and noisy as a fire engine, rang every half hour, two minutes apart, to call the children in from play.

Soon little heads were seen with wide open mouths above the nest and peeping sounds rang throughout the art room. How the children enjoyed watching Father Robin strut about the ground as he picked up worms for his little robins!

The children in the art classes were so intrigued with the robins that art was combined with nature study. They made drawings of the birds and learned about their habits. They learned that robins built on tall buildings or in high places. That unlike other birds, Father Robin helped feed the newly hatched babies.

Clang! One day when school was out, Father and Mother Robin coaxed their little robins out of the nest and soon they flew away into life's great adventure.

In the fall, the children looked at the ragged robin nest and wondered if they would be returning.

Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1961 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be ready for mailing in January. The price for this handsome volume, bound in imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

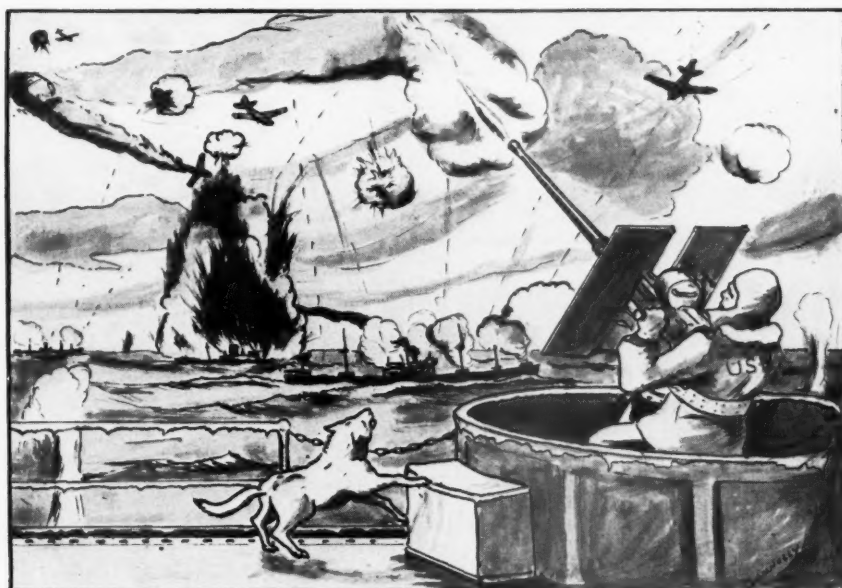
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OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Jackie's Sacrifice

By ROBERT W. NAUSS

Jackie relieved the tension among the crew by barking furiously when the general alarm was sounded.



JACKIE was adopted by the purser of the American freighter "Bering" while the ship was in the drydock at Newport, Wales. Once the friendly dog was aboard the ship, he soon made friends with everybody. After a while he began to show that he preferred the company of the captain. Every day the ship was at sea Jackie walked the bridge with not only the captain but all the deck officers. He got on famously with the gun crew. What made him so popular with the gunners was that every time the general-alarm was sounded Jackie was all over the ship barking furiously thereby relieving tension among the crew.

The "Bering" was in a convoy to Northern Russia and during the winter of 1942-43 when she left the United Kingdom for Russia she was destined to go through many alarms and attacks before she returned. At first it was only depth charge explosions that brought alarms and excitement. But as we approached Bear Island in the High Latitudes of the Barent's Sea, the combined aircraft and submarine attacks began.

All through this terrifying cacophony of gunfire, alarm bells, aircraft attack, shouted commands and frankly scared men, little Jackie was a tower of strength and determination. If there was one single reason why the merchant crew and the gun crew of this ship gave such a good account of themselves, I would unhesitatingly give the credit to the dog.

Men in the crew, when they may have

been the most terrified, would have to relax and smile when they saw Jackie up on the boat-deck *daring* the enemy to make just one more attack. "We'll get you next time," he seemed to be saying.

As the world now knows the ships were blockaded in the White Sea Ports until December 1943. We in the Bering were taken down the river to Molotovsk during October and waited for the second division of the convoy to leave on December 10. It was on the last leg of this danger filled voyage that tragedy struck. Strangely enough it happened on a clear day with no enemy ship or plane around, and with a glassy calm sea.

Jackie was taking his afternoon exercise on the boat deck with the captain. For some reason on this particular day the captain was carrying a short piece of stick. He would shake it at Jackie and Jackie would grab it in his mouth and try to get it away from the captain. Generally the captain would let go of the stick after a little struggle.

But the one fatal time came when the captain wouldn't let go. Jackie pulled and tugged, but it would not work, the captain did not let go. Finally Jackie drew both of them down toward the starboard lifeboat. Suddenly he pulled the stick away with a great effort. When he was free his momentum was so great he went overboard and disappeared over the rail. We saw him in the water but he soon disappeared. The sea water at 75 degrees North Latitude in December will

kill a strong man in minutes, a small animal much quicker. The escort vessels were not allowed to leave station for *any* purpose, so the captain knew that when Jackie hit the water he was a goner.

I went to the pilot house and was there when the captain came in. I will *never* forget the look on his face. I have never seen such indescribable grief. The worse because the captain felt it was his own fault. He was an old man who was a widower and who had come out of retirement to take command of his old ship which incidentally was also in the "boneyard" before Pearl Harbor.

The daily company of Jackie had become the most important thing in the old man's life. He was desolate. There would never be another Jackie for him.

Christmas Shopping?

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The YOUNG

Make Raised Animals For Project Braille

PROJECT BRAILLE sponsored by OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine is appealing for individuals and groups of young people to make raised animal forms as insertions for the Animals in Braille magazine that has been recently printed. While the sightless children are reading the Braille animal stories they can gain a mental image of the particular animal about which they are "reading."

Any group or individual interested in such an activity should write to ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., and request the *Raised Animals for Braille* directions.

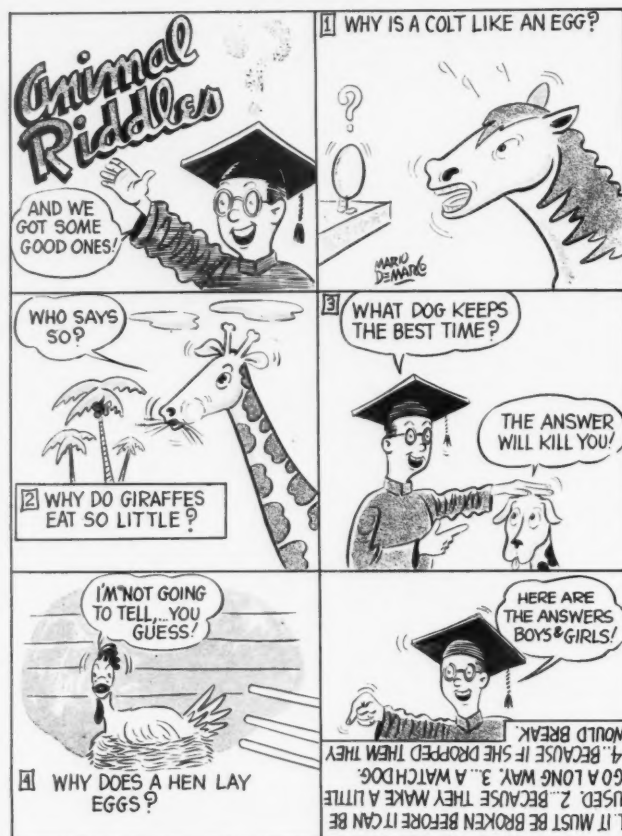
The proper recognition will be given to any and all raised animal forms received. Youth Groups are also invited to participate. Spread the word of Kindness by your efforts in this worthy project.



*Dogs differ quite a bit from folks,
And though sometimes they're rough,
They never try to grab for more
When once they've had enough.*

By EDNA MARKHAM

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.



Protect Livestock & Pets

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

October 8 - 14

(READ PAGE 14)

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READER'S Pages



Hallowe'en Guesses

By VIRGINIA D. RANDALL

My first is in GHOSTS but not in WITCHES,
My second is in BROOM but not in SWITCHES.
My third is in SCARE but not in FRIGHT,
My fourth is in PUMPKIN, but not in LIGHT.
My fifth is in GOBLINS, but not in CATS,
My sixth is in PARTIES but not in BATS.
My all is a color which is often seen
By boys and girls on Hallowe'en.

ANSWER: ORANGE

Pen-Pals Unlimited

ATENTION! All junior high and high schoolers! Animals Pen-Pal Club has members of many countries between the ages of twelve to eighteen who are anxious to write to you in English or in their own language. This school year extend your circle of friends to include at least one boy or girl, one young man or young woman from another country. This can be a practical application of your present language studies. Perhaps, in the near future you may even exchange visits instead of letters. Geographical knowledge of this world is very important in this jet age. The time barrier has been surmounted. Let us surmount the language barrier.

Write: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Project "SIGHT-SAVER" *presents*

Nest in the Tree

A GENTLEMAN was walking past a neat cottage in a rural district. In the garden was a low tree, in the branches of which the gentleman observed a bird's nest. The cottage door was open; the mother was busily at work, and the children were merry in their youthful gambols; but the birds flew to and fro without alarm.

How was this? On inquiring, the gentleman found that the mother took a delight in teaching her children the great importance of *kindness* to all God's creatures, and instead of frightening the little birds away, they were ever ready to feed them.

"You do wisely, my good woman," said the gentleman; if all mothers would thus train their little ones, there would be much more happiness in families than there is; for I have generally observed that where children are kind to animals, they are affectionate and loving to their brothers and sisters.

•
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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The general subscription rate to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** is now **\$2.00 per year**. Single copies are 20c each.

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- 100 Subscriptions plus \$.75 each

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DID you ever notice how thrilled a child is to receive something through the mail addressed to him?

Any youngster would be delighted to receive a subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** as a birthday or "just because" present. Why not send in your order now and make some child happy? Take advantage of the 2 year offer at only \$3.50.

MOVING?—Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least *five weeks* in advance. Or, if you prefer, there is a convenient card for this purpose (Form 22-S) available at your post office.



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